

The Strain

Mordred

Into his flesh the knife cuts
Inside he wants to survive
Surgeons working hard to try to keep him alive
He's only fourteen years old
Beside the bed a cop sighs
Don't think it's fair he's too young to die
Pulse slows and then his heart quits
Doctor's try to shock his life back
They're unaware that in the street he sells crack
Bullet hole through the kidneys
The man who shot him understood
If he could turn it round I'm sure that he would
In times of greed and hate
One must evaluate
The cause of all this pain
Social problems stay the same
In times of greed and hate
One must retaliate
The truth is never plain
Understand this is the strain
Tried to reach society's standard
Have wealth makes you a good man
Not in the wrong he just wants to fit in the plan
Teach our kids of wealth and power
If you happen to live on the wrong side
Got to live a life of crime just to keep you alive
Today morality has lost
Everyone's reaching for the top
We can't change the world if a bullet can't be stopped
In this age we've lost all our values
And maybe nothing can suffice
If it's true we'll crush ourselves in a self destructive vice
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